



Bunnies

# A Day with Papa



With love to Grandpa George—K.R.

For my father Carroll, my husband Tom, son Josh, and grandsons  
Jacob and Lucas—the fathers and sons that live forever in my heart—L.T.

A mia figlia Anna perché è ciò che ho di più prezioso—V.T.

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# A Day with Papa

*by*

KITTY RICHARDS

*illustrated by*

LORI TYMINSKI & VALERIA TURATI



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*T*humper was terribly excited. He and his dad were spending the day together, just the two of them.

“Papa and I are going to have some great adventures in the forest,” he told his sisters.









Thumper wondered what Papa had planned.  
Maybe they would climb a mountain . . .







or explore a cave. . . .







“I thought we’d gather some greens for supper,”  
Papa Bunny said. “Remember, eating greens is a  
special treat. It makes long ears—and great big feet!”  
“Yes, Papa,” said Thumper, his heart sinking.



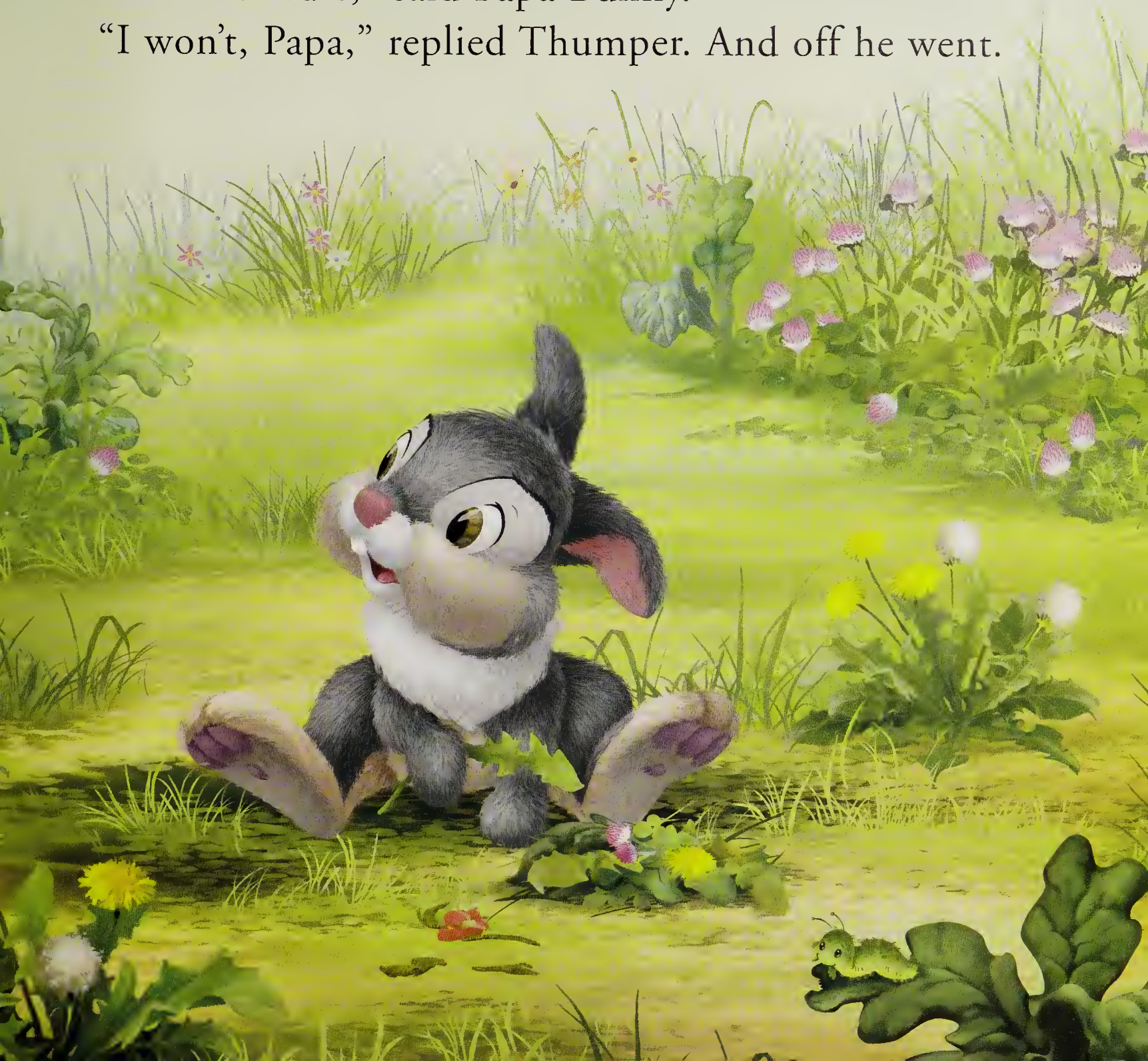





Thumper and Papa got straight to work.



A little while later, Thumper wanted a nice, cool drink.  
“Don’t dawdle,” said Papa Bunny.  
“I won’t, Papa,” replied Thumper. And off he went.







While Thumper had some water, he saw ducks  
splashing near a waterfall.

He wished he could join them.

But Thumper knew that Papa was waiting.









He hadn't hopped very far when he saw the frogs  
playing. *Ribbit, ribbit!*

That sure seemed like fun!

Then Thumper remembered Papa, hard at work.







After a few more hops, Thumper saw his friend, the opossum.

“Want to climb this tree with me?” the opossum asked.

“Okay!” Thumper said, forgetting about his papa.

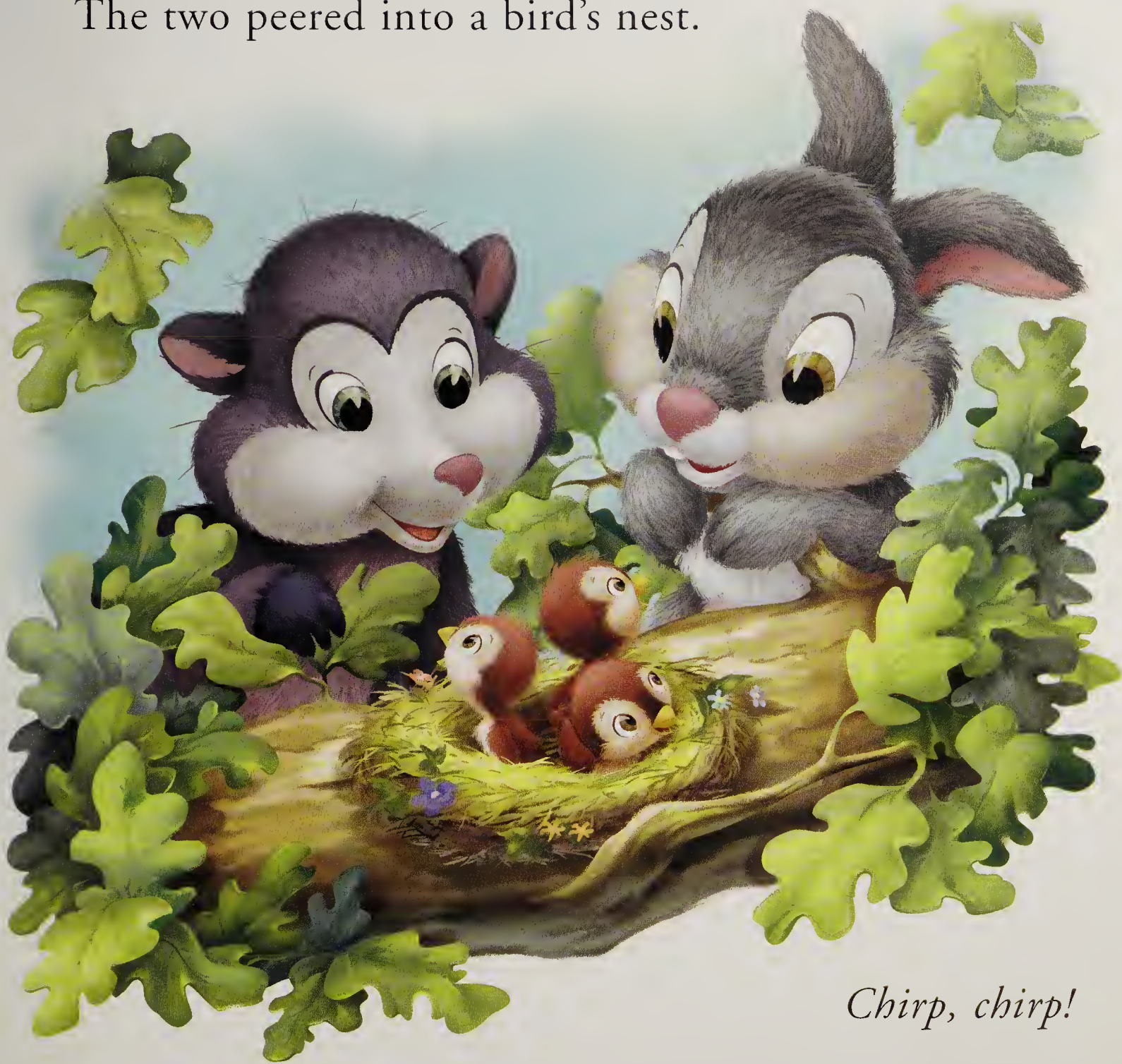




With a little boost from his friend, Thumper was soon exploring the old oak tree.



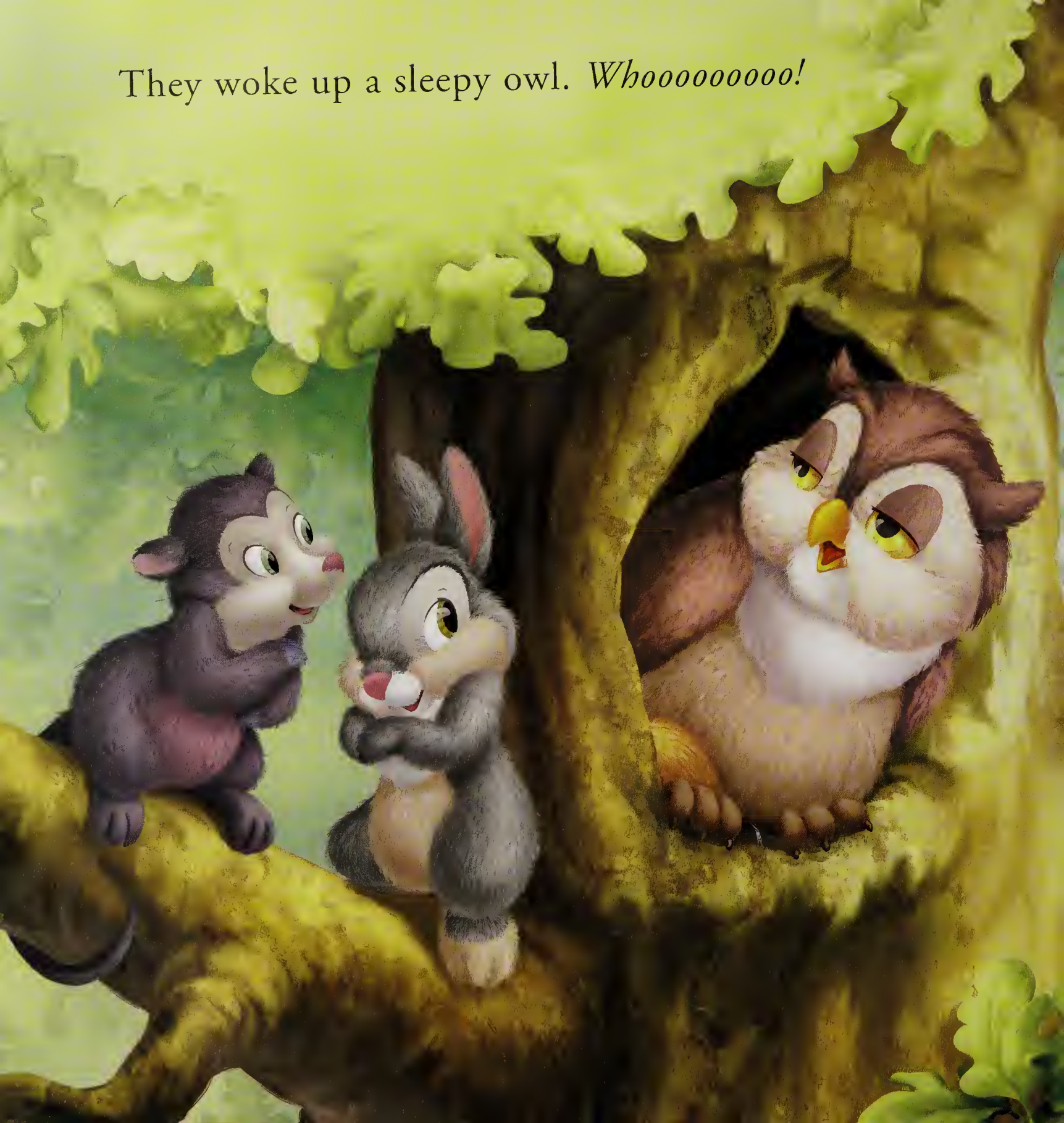
The two peered into a bird's nest.




*Chirp, chirp!*



They woke up a sleepy owl. *Whoooooooooooo!*





A cartoon rabbit and a monkey are perched on a large, gnarled tree branch. The rabbit, on the left, is grey with a white chest and belly, looking up with an open mouth. The monkey, on the right, is dark grey with a white chest and belly, also looking up. Above them is a large, yellow, multi-tiered beehive hanging from a branch. Several bees are flying around the beehive. The background is a plain, light blue sky.

They got close,  
but not *too* close,  
to a buzzing beehive.

*Bzz, bzz.*





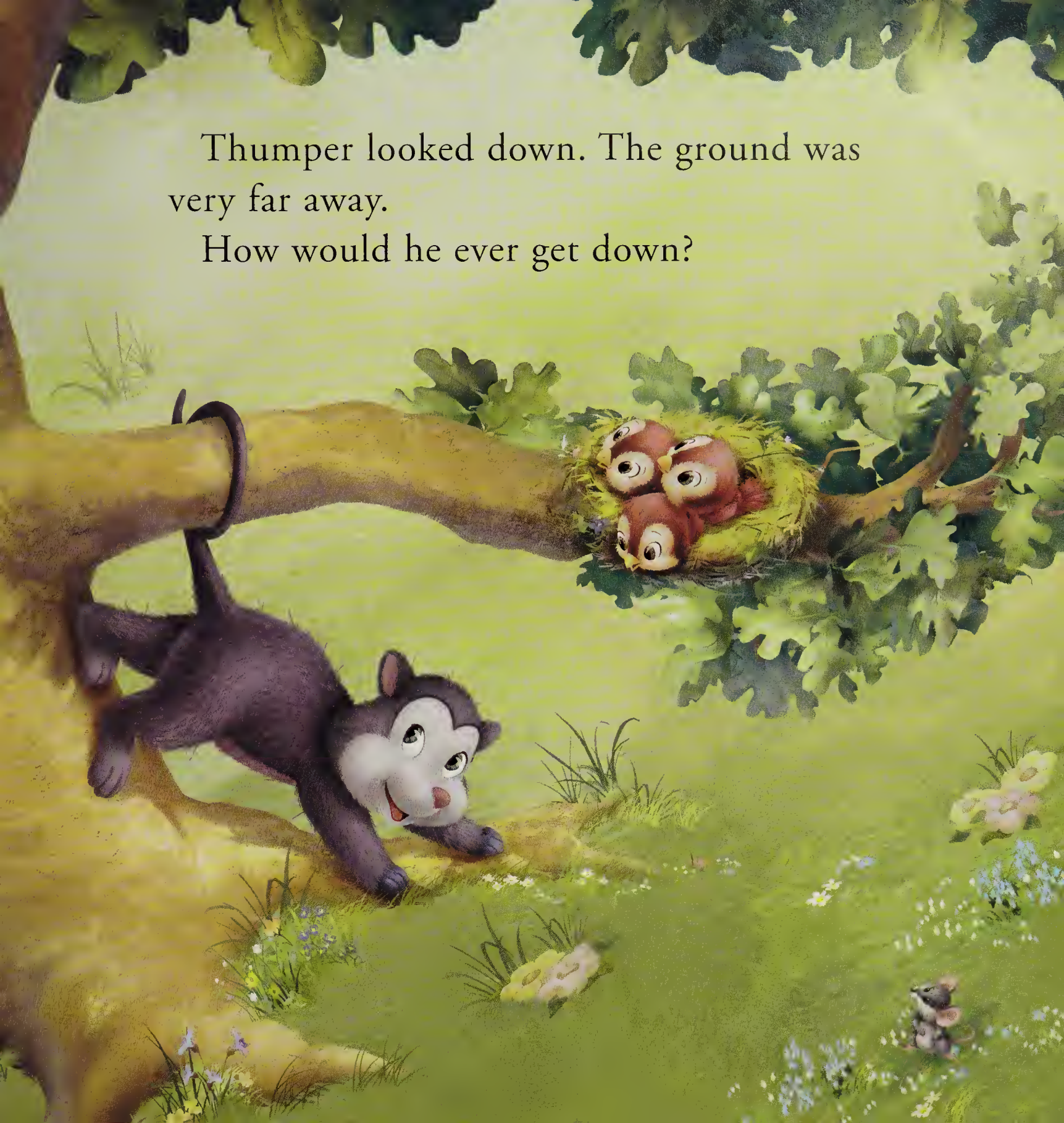
“Well, it’s time for me to go,” the opossum said after a while. “My father is waiting for me.”

*Uh-oh!* Thumper remembered his own papa.



Thumper looked down. The ground was  
very far away.

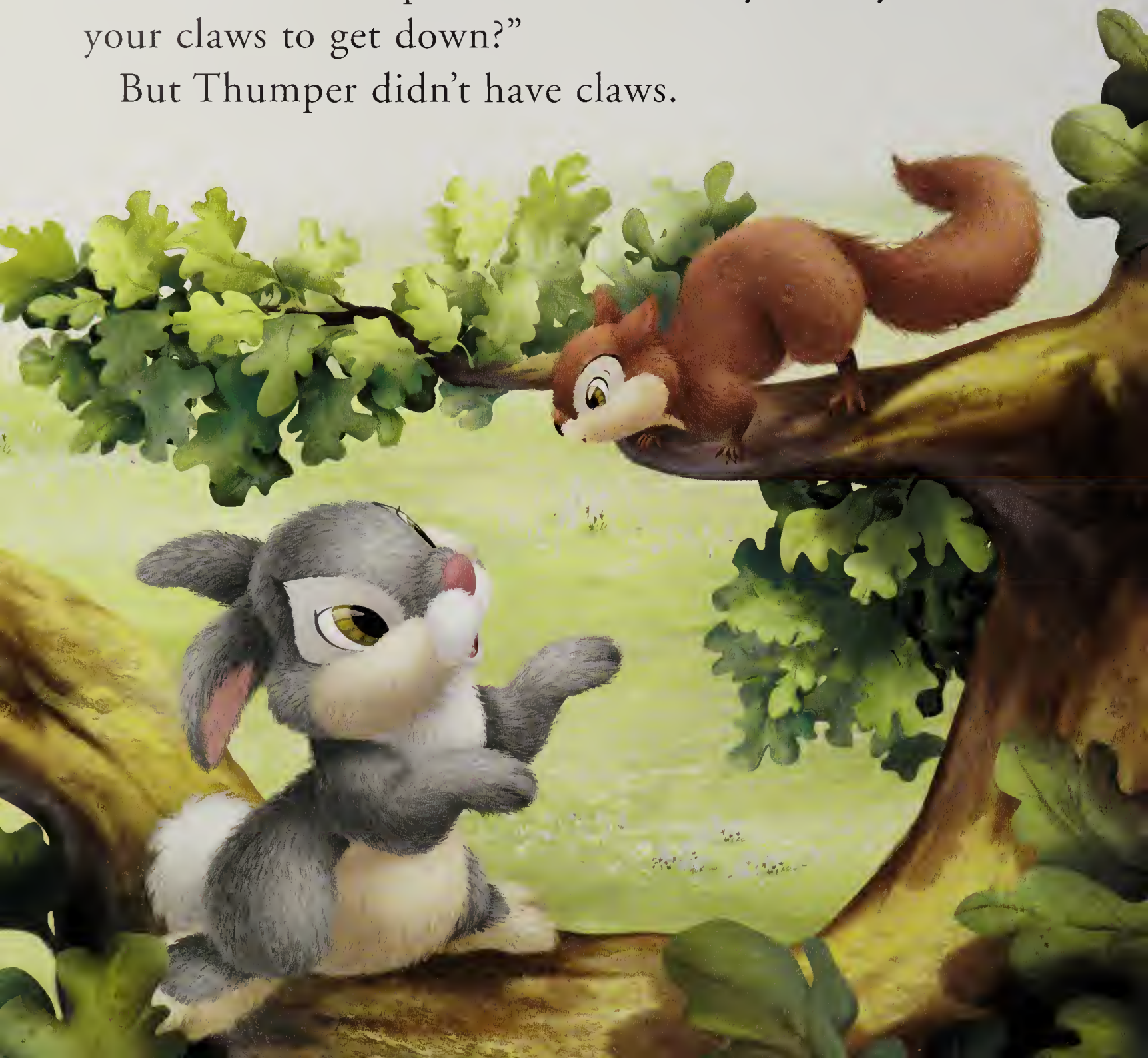
How would he ever get down?





As Thumper waited, a little squirrel came by. “Well, hello there, Thumper,” she said. “Why don’t you use your claws to get down?”

But Thumper didn’t have claws.







Thumper sighed. "Only one person can help me," he said.

"*Whooo?*" asked the owl.

"My papa," said Thumper sadly.

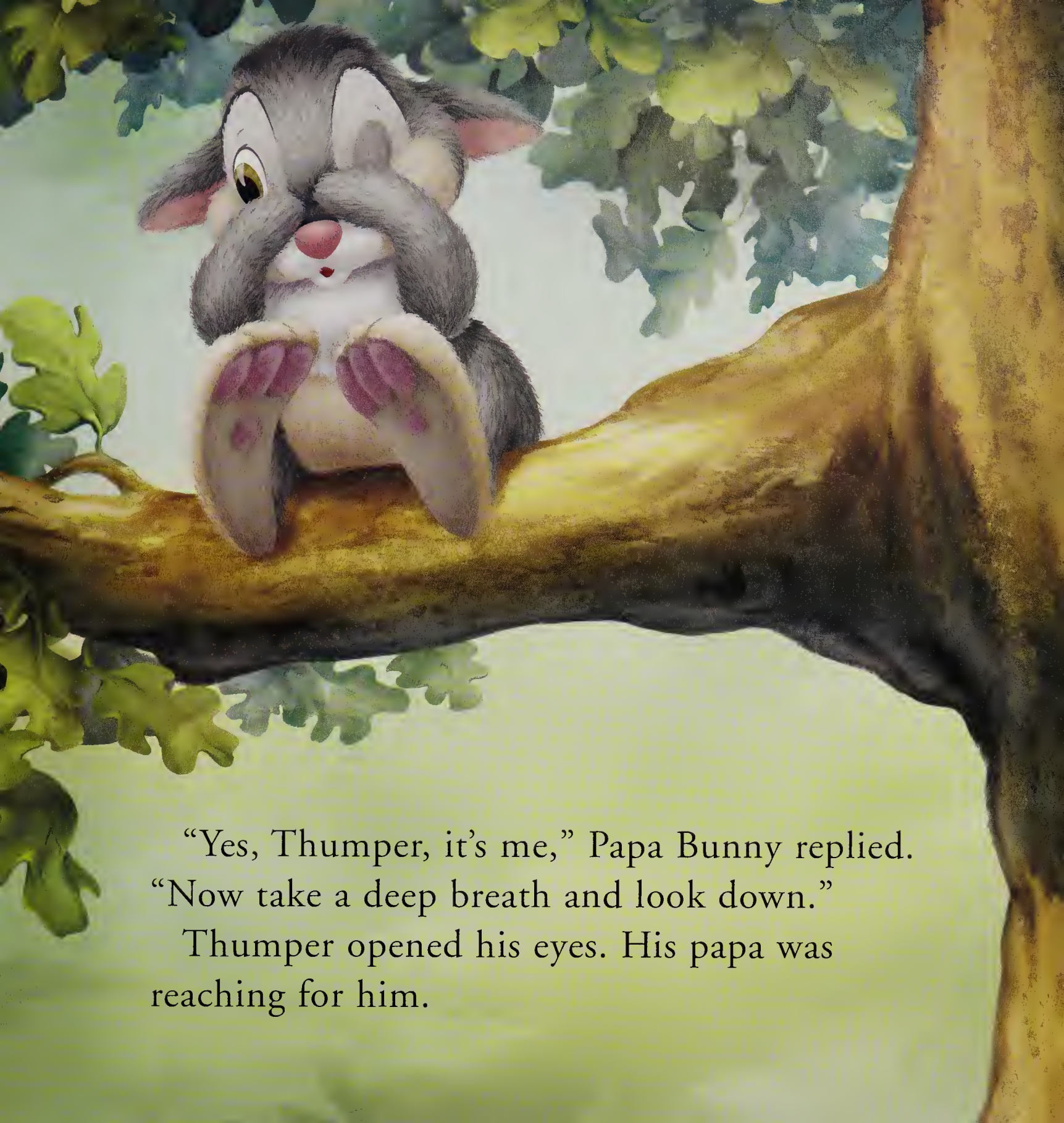


“I thought you’d never ask!” said a voice from down below. “I’ve been looking for you everywhere.”

“Papa?” Thumper asked hopefully.







“Yes, Thumper, it’s me,” Papa Bunny replied.  
“Now take a deep breath and look down.”  
Thumper opened his eyes. His papa was  
reaching for him.



The ground looked a lot closer now. Thumper reached down and his father pulled him tight.







“You must never be afraid to ask me for help. I am your father, and I will always be here for you,” Papa Bunny said.

“I know, Papa,” said Thumper.



“Well, all work and no play makes for a bored little bunny!” said Papa. “Why don’t we race back to the meadow? Then we’ll explore a hidden cave. The last one there is a slowpoke!”











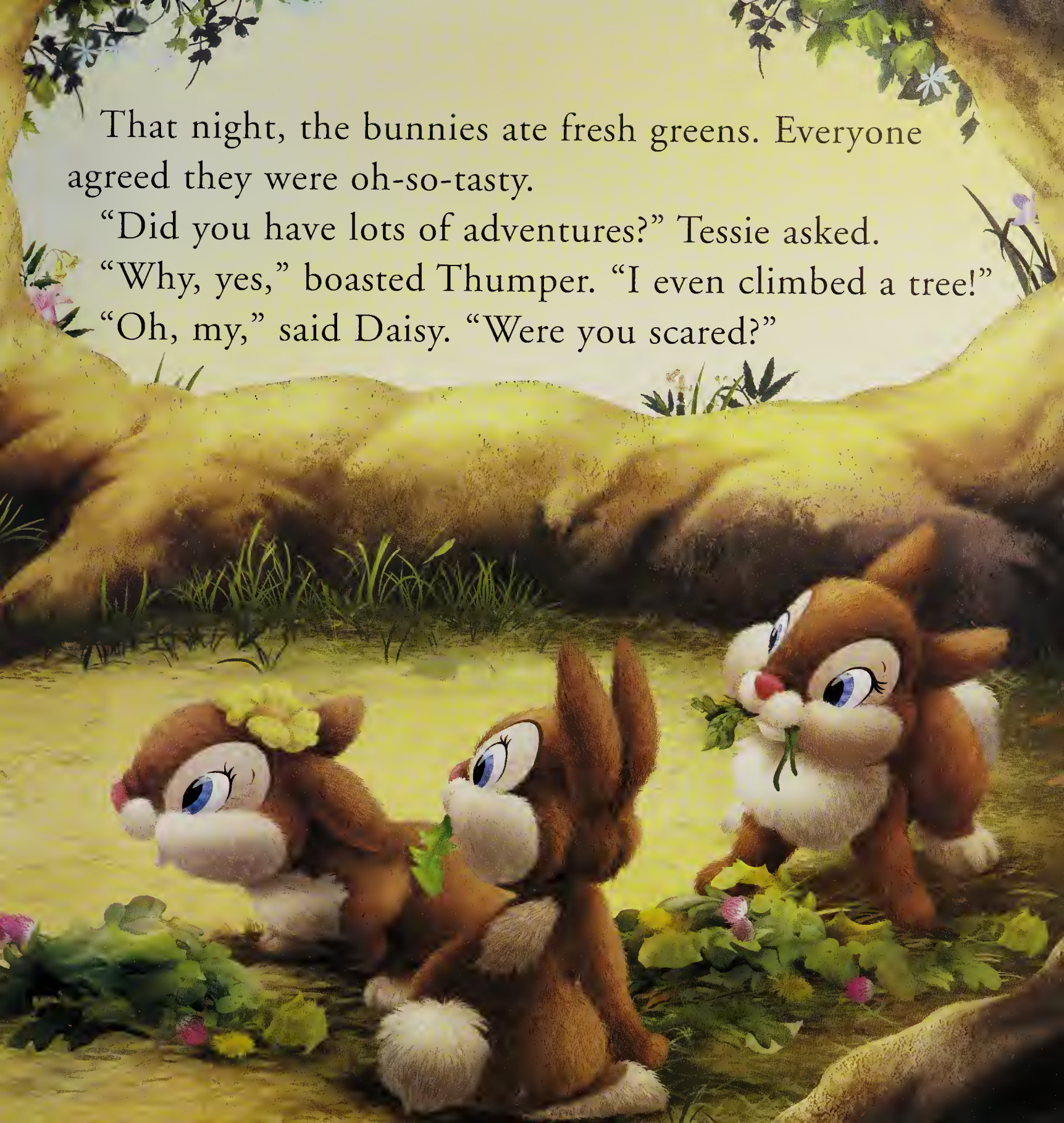


That night, the bunnies ate fresh greens. Everyone agreed they were oh-so-tasty.

“Did you have lots of adventures?” Tessie asked.

“Why, yes,” boasted Thumper. “I even climbed a tree!”

“Oh, my,” said Daisy. “Were you scared?”





“What a silly question,” Trixie scoffed. “Thumper is never scared.”

Thumper looked at his dad, who gave him a big wink. Thumper grinned. He was glad he’d gotten to spend the day with his papa.

